SPORTS OF TRACK AND RING.

MOBOKEN A PEACEFUL HOME FOR SPAR-RING CONTESTS.

The Attendance in Odd-Fellows' Hall at the Le Blanche-Fallon Fight as Orderly as a Quaker Meeting-The Manhattan Athletic Club Grounds to Rent-The Prospec Harrier to Have a Run To-Morrow.



 IS a pity boxing shows can't run in New York City as they can in Hoboken, sporting men say. The Chief of Police, a Police Commissioner, a detective and some score of officers were present at the Le Blanche-Fallon contest in Odd Fellows' Hall last night, and except for the spirited yet fair and innocent conflicts on the stage, no

Quaker meeting could have been more orderly. The gloves were examined kindly by Chief Donovan as the principals in the sixround contest stepped on the roped and staked platform. Each glove would have weighed full five ounces, and the contest, it was known at once, would be one of skill and strength, no brutality being possible. It is said that there were less arrests for drunken. The Passing Public Stares in Surprise, bu ness in Hoboken last summer, with the saloons open all day Sunday and twenty to fifty thousand strangers in town to quench their thirst, than in some of the uptown wards. Public glove contests in New York would put money in thousands of channels, injure nobody, and help prevent some of these finish fights the police seem unable to

"The Manhattan Athletic Club grounds are to rent," was the rumor that surprised downtown athletes yesterday. "Why, certainly," said a prominent officer of the club last night. "There's been a 'For Sale' sign up there for five years. When the owner sells his property for building lots for his price, \$2,000,000, we shall have to move away. Yes, we've got our new grounds selected, but of course where the location is is confidential."

The silence about Manager Holske and ex-Manager P. F. Sheeay is getting painful.

The hard-glove fight for a medal between Al Fleischman and W. G. George is reported to be "off."

Paddy Smith seems to be in for a disappointment as to a fight with Mike Daly, of Bangor. Daly, Billy Dacey claims, refused to make a match with him a short time ago, although Billy Fitzgerald telegraphed that Dacey's money was up.

The Prospect Harriers' next quarterly meeting will be held at the club-house on Tuesday, Jan. 3, at 8 o'clock p. m. This club will have a handicap run of about three and one-half miles on Saturday afternoon at 3.30 for a silver cup. The Christmas Day run will start from Petit's Hotel, Jamaica, L. I., on Dec. 26, at 10.30 a. m. The New Year's Day run will be from Hackensack, also in the forenoon. Secretary Growtage says a musical, literary and boxing entertainment will be given at the club-house to-morrow evening.

Wisdom from the Kitchen.

(From Harper's Basar.)
A certain mistress of a household manages to extract a little merriment along with much misery from her sundry cooks of various nationalities. "Anything wanted to-day, Katharine?" she asked one morning of the divinity of the kitchen,

a tall Nova Scotian fond of using long words.

"Yes, ma'am, if you would please to investigate in a new ladle for me to stir the soup with when I set it on the back of the range to simper."

"What have you in the house for dinner, Anna?" the lady asked of the Nova Scotian's successor, a swede.
"Kittens and two dogs," was the reply. (Kid-

neys and two ducks).

'How large is the cod's liver?" she asked another day of this same cook.

'Pretty big, ma'am—about five ounces long and two ounces wide."

A Meritorious Work. Prom the Nebraska State Journal 1 "Brigsby, I understand, has written several

' Yes, and he contemplates more,

" Which do you think la his best ?"
"The last one."
"Why?"
It isn't half so long as the others."

A SAFE, sure cure for coughs and colds, ADAMSON'S BOTANIC BALSAM. KINSMAN, 25th st., 4th ave.

HOWLS WHEN HE PULLED THE STRING.

Anson Pond's Fishing Experience in Father's House on a River.

Little Anson Pond, the saturnine, doesn't look as if he could tell a good story to save his life. But in the brief intervals when he is not thinking out a melodrama of the "Her Atonement" type his society can be tolerated. The other day he was the centre of an animated group of Thespians. Each bad

told stories, and it was Pond's turn.

As the little gentleman nowadays leads an extremely uninteresting life, he was obliged to turn for his story to the days when he was young.

to turn for his story to the days when he was young.

"My father owned a country house," said Mr. Pond; and as the river ran almost beneath our windows, there was excellent fishing.

"One night I couldn't sleep; so I thought that, as I had my fishing-rod in the bedroom, I would just open the window and dexterously throw my line out into the river. I, consequently, opened the casement, and with a jerk sent the fishing-line forth.

"There I sat for ten minutes, enjoying the

forth.

"There I sat for ten minutes, enjoying the cool night air, but catching never a fish. Presently I thought I would rebait my hook. I began to draw it in, when I felt there was something on it.

"I gave a tug, and as I did so, a terrific howl positively rent the air. The cries that followed were awful. I forgot all about fishing and ran downstairs. My father was already outside. The household was aroused. The cause of the unearthly yell was soon explained.

"I had caught a cat—one of our sweet nocturnal pussies."

TWO WOMEN IN A WINDOW.

Treats Them Politely.

In the window of an uptown store two women operate sewing-machines all day long. They are not as extraordinary objects of attention as the seven long-haired sisters from Hairville, but they attract a casual crowd

Hairville, but they attract a casual crowd now and then in just the same manner. The wayfarer glares at them a moment and then goes his way.

They were asked yesterday if they were not embarrassed by the prominence of their position. "We were at first," said one of them, a matter-of-fact person who dressed in black and wore a business look that a commercial agency would without hesitation have classed as A1. "We got over it after a while."

"Do you not feel uncomfortable when so many people stare at you as if you were Zulus or Albinos?"

"I fear that you greatly exaggerate the staring. The people who look in at the window are very polite. They do not stare impertinently. They merely look at us in surprise, glance at our work and hasten on. You see we are in a side street, where passersby are not so numerous as in Broadway."

"It isn't so hard as you would imagine," said the other woman. "People can see that we are here for so much a week, and they don't annoy us. We go on the principle that no lady will be annoyed or insulted who bears herself with dignity. The same rule holds good for a store window as for a church festival."

New Notions in Jewelry. [From the Jewelers' Weekly.]

A propelling screw of platina is an oddity in Etruscan-finished link cuff-buttons of gold are fashionable.

Plain heavy gold bands are fashionable as en-

An open chestnut bur of enamel is an attractive scarf-pin recently seen. A pretty lace pin consists of a bunch of illacs in enamel with several long stems of gold. A champagne bottle of gold backed by a stirrup of platnum is an attractive design for a scarf pin.

An antique intaglio set in a band of Roman or Indian gold is one of the fashionable gentleman's rings of the season. A large lion of Russian silver standing on a base of rodenite is a new design in paper-weights, for which the modest sum of \$100 is asked.

A pink weigalia of enamel, with open blossoms and centred by a cluster of fine diamonds, is an attractive brooch recently introduced. attractive brooch recently introduced.

In hairpins a tasty design is a body of amber topped by a golden crown set with diamonds and garnets. Surmounting the crown is a large pearl.

An attractive brooch consists of an enamei applebiossom, the sides of which are turned up and edged with gold. Three diamonds form a centre.

The most fashlonable and latest idea in ladies' watches are those of oxidized sliver. The designs mostly favored are flowers and scrolls on repousse work.

work.

A small silver pot, on the rim of which is the word "Jack" in blue enamel, is a new scarf-pin, the suggestive make-up of which will probably win it favor with lovers of cards.

A handsome brooch represents a chrysanthemum in dark-brown enamel, with yellow centre. On a lower petal of the flower is a diamond, so set as to seem failing off as a drop of dew.

A beautiful but costly Christmas present for a

is a sphinx head in Russian silver. Squares of sur-amel in various colors are set in the gold colf sur-mounting the head. One of the handsomest bonbon boxes recently seen was made in imitation of a Russian cadet's cap. The roll was of oxydized silver, worked to

HIGHEST GRADE

CLOTHING

DURING THE HOLIDAYS.

15,000 MEN'S FINE TAILOR-MADE

Manufactured by US and formerly SOLD at \$25,00, \$30,00 and \$40,00 comprising the finest Imported and Domestic Beavers, Kerseys, Chinchillas, Edredons, Montagnacs, &c., Satin-lined, &c., are REDUCED TO THE UNIFORM PRICE OF

315. FIFTEEN DOLLARS.

25,000 MEN'S FINE TAILOR-MADE SUITS, Consisting of the finest Imported and Domestic Cassimeres, Cheviots, Corkscrews, Diagonals, in SACKS, 4-Button Cutaways, Prince Alberts, formerly sold at \$25.00, \$30.00 and \$35.00, are REDUCED to the uniform price of

\$15.00, \$15.00, \$15.00,

As the entire STOCK must be sold by JAN. 1, 1888, irrespective of Cost. BOYS' and CHILDREN'S Suits and OVERCOATS at Sweeping Reductions.

MEN'S FULL DRESS SUITS, SWALLOW-TAIL, \$20.00; worth \$40.00. ALL-SILK SMOKING JACKETS, \$5.00; worth \$10.00.

Broadway, Corner Grand St., 8th Ave., Corner 40th St. Both Stores Open Evenings.

AMUSEMENTS.

represent sheep's wool; red enamel formed the top, which was flat, and the pompon which rose from the front of the cap about three inches, consisted of a solid lump of frosted silver. The Russion coat-of-arms in going served as a cover for the joining of the pompon to the cap. **GRAND OPENING**

joining of the pompon to the cap.

In Russian sliver tea-caddles, the handsomest design recently seen was in heavy repoussé work. One side was plain, and in the space was a tablet of oxidized sliver on which, in repoussé work, was depicted a Biblical scene.

A handsome belt is composed of numberless threads of gold and sliver, woven on a wide linen band. The clasp is two bears, one of sliver and the other of gold, each with his teeth and claws lastened in the hide of the other.

Almond-spaned link confidence of white

Almond-shaped link cuff-buttons of white enamel, set on one side with a tennis racket and a net, and on the other with a racket and a bunch of enamel forget-me-nots, make as handsome a design in this line of jewelry as we have yet seen.

Another Wrong Diagnosis.
[From the Omaha World.]
Omaha Girl (to Boston Girl)—Why, my dear, your lips are all calloused; that lump in the middle of your upper lip looks like a wart. I don't see why
you Boston girls should make such geese of yourselves over all those new fads.

Boston Giri—These hard places on my lips came
from playing the cornet.

'Oh! That's it? I thought maybe you had been
learning to talk Russian."

"THE LADY" or "THE TIGER?" CHOOSE WISELY.

Harden, S. Cut Gums, S. Content, G. Cut Gums, S. Cut Gums, S. Cut Gums, S. Cut Gums, G. Cut Gums

AMUSEMENTS. ACADEMY OF MUSIC. EDWIN BOOTH AND LAWRENCE BARRETT.
"JULIUS CÆSAR,"
MONDAY, DEC. 26

LYCRUM THEATRE.
Begins at 8.15.
Matines Sat. and Mon.

SATURDAY, DEC. 24,

OF THE

PHILIPOTEAUX

THIS IS NOT A WORK OF FICTION. IT IS AN EXACT REPRODUCTION OF THE

OPEN DAY AND EVENING 4TH AVE. AND 19TH ST.,

NEAR

UNION SQUARE. GRAND OPERA-HOUSE.

A Reserved seats, orchestre, circle and balcony, 50c.
Wednesday MRS, LANGTRY Sturday
MAtines, "ASINA LOOKING-GLASS." Matines,
Vezt week. NAT. C. GOODWIN
Next Sunday. PROF. CROMWELL'S
Christmas subject will be "MERRIE ENGLAND." TH AVENUE THEATRE.

Proprietor and Manager Mr. John Stetson TO-NIGHT AT 8.30. MATINEE SATURDAY. MR. RIGHARD MANSFIELD IN HIS OWN COMEDY, MONSIEUR. Nat week—DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE. A RMORY HALL VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.
158 and 160 Hester st.
International Burlesque and Comedy Company

A ROYAL CHRISTMAS CIFT.

THE SYNDICATE

Manufacturing Clothiers

A. H. KING & CO. TO CIVE AWAY

\$1,000 IN GOLD AS A CHRISTMAS GIFT TO THEIR CUSTOMERS

SATURDAY, DEC. 24, 1887.
This "ROYAL CHRISTMAS GIFT" is given by the SYNDICATE to the PUBLIC in recognition of their liberal patronage, and will be distributed among A. H. King & Co.'s customers to-morrow, Saturday, Dec. 24, from 9 A. M. until 11 P. M., in the following manner.

To-morrow is the LAST DAY of the great \$15.00 Sale, and we shall continue to sell until 11 o'clock at night:

\$35.00 Imported Kersey, Satin-lined Chinchilla \$40.00 Silk and Satin-lined Overcoats at -

\$55.00 Satin-lined Montagnac Overcoats at - - 15.00 | \$60.00 Imported Worsted and Cloth Dress Suits Every value guaranteed as represented, AND TO EVERY TWENTIETH CUSTOMER purchasing a \$15 suit or overcoat WE WILL PRESENT A TEN-DOLLAR GOLD PIECE.

Every sale will be numbered, as the money is paid at the office, and No. 20, No. 40 and each succeeding twentieth purchaser of a Fifteen-Dollar Suit or a Fifteen-Dollar Overcoat WILL positively receive TEN DOLLARS IN GOLD AS A CHRISTMAS

AS USUAL WE GUARANTEE THE HONEST fulfilment OF OUR ADVERTISEMENT without quibble or equivocation. Will our imitators still follow where we lead? WE SHALL ALSO SELL TO-MORROW AS CHRISTMAS GIFTS FOR THE POOR

TO MORROW IS THE DAY THE LEADING AMERICAN CLOTHIERS.

627 and 629 Broadway, NEAR BLEECKER STREET.

OPEN UNTIL M.

AMUSEMENTS. AMERICAN INSTITUTE.

2dand 3d aven, and 63d and 64th ata. COMMENCING BATURDAY, DEC. 24, FRANK A. ROBBINS'S NEW SHOWS. a Stage, a Zoological Garden, artling Aerial Performances, empasts and a Regiment of Close

Animals and Educated Beasts to please the children.
FIFTY BEAUTIFUL LADY ARTINTS.
Handsome Horses, Pretty Ponies, Mischlevous Monkeys,
dusical and Dancing Elephants. Ring performances
sair at 2 and 8 P. M. Doors open one hour before for
ill the other wonders. I the other wonders.

Reserved Seats, 25 and 50 cents. Seats in Boxes, 21.

All seats reserved one week in advance,

THE BIATINEES

especially devoted to Ladies and Children.

METROPOLITAN OPERA-HOUSE, HOFMANN CONCERTS, Onder the personal direction of Mr. HENRY E, ABBEY, TUESDAY, Dec. 27, at 3 o'clock, SATURDAY, Dec. 31, at 8.15 o'clock.

JOSEPH HOFMANN, mpanied by MME. HELENE HANTREITER, a Donna Contrable; Theodore Bjorksten; lenor; Sig. nan, Baritone; Miss Nettle Carpenter, Mine Sacconi, sist, Sig. R. Sappio, Accompanist, and Addiph indoff's Grand Orchestra. Weber Grand Plano used. BIJOU OPERAHOUSE.
CORSAIR.
MATINEE SURLESQUE COMPANY.
65 artists in Rice 4 Diluy's
sumptions production of
THE CHRNAIR.
MATINEE SATURDAY AND XMAS.

POOLE'S THEATRE, 8th st., bet. B'way and 4th ave.
MATINEES—Monday, Wednesday, Thursday, Saturday.
TANEN FROM LIFE.
Next Week—"ONE OF THE BRAVEST."

STARTHEATRE.

Start Evening. Matinees Saturday and Xmas Day.

MR. AND MR. W. J. FLORENCE,

Baturday evening. MR. FLORENCE as Capt. Cuttle.

AMUSEMENTS. DEN MUSEE, 23D ST., BET. 5TH A 6TH AVES. ERDELYI NACZI

NIBLO'S. LAST FOUR PERFORMANCES

SHE." "SHE." Monday, Dec. 26, Christmas Mati The Great Sporting Drama, "A RUN OF LUCK."

WALLACK'S.

Evenings at 8.15, Matinee Saturday at 2.15,
FORGET-ME-NOT.
Characters by Messer, Osmond Tearle, Harry Edwards,
J. W. Pigott, Mme. Ponisi, Miss. Netta Guion and Miss.
Rose Coghian. CHRISTMAS MATINEE Dec. 26,
In Preparation a New Comedy Entitled
IN THE FASHION.

DOCKSTADER'S MINSTREES th at. and Broadway. Nightly, 8.30. Prodigy Plan
Every Song, Act and Specialty move this week.
Toys and Candies given away every performance.
Grand Christmas Matinee Next Monday.
MATINEE TO-MORROW, 2.30.

14 TH ST. THEATRE,
Matiness Wednesdays and Saturdays oor, 6th ave.
POSITIVELY LAST WEEK OF
DENMAN THOMPSON,
IN THE 01.D HOMESTEAD,
NEXT WEEK—THE HANLONS, in LE VOYAGE EN
SUISSE.

AMUSEMENTS. Union square theatre. and CRANE. BRONSON HOWARD GREAT COMEDY. THE HENRIETTA.

Extra Matiness Monday, Dec. 26, and Monday, Jan. 2. 100th performance Saturday Matines, Dec. 31. Risborate Saure H. R. JACOBS'S 3D AVE. THEATRE.

SECURE SEATS IN: ADVANCE Dec. 26-FUN ON THE BRISTOL. 30c.

STANDARD THEATRE. BROADWAY & SSD ST.
COMMENCING
TO-MORROW (SATURDAY) EVENING, DEC. 24.
(IR AND PROPECTION
Under the management of Frank W. Sanger,
PAUL KAY ART, SER ANARCHY.
HOLIDAY B. ANARCHY.
HOLIDAY B. ANARCHY.

GOOD RESERVED SEATS, 25 CENTS, MATINEES TUESDAY AND FRIDAY.

DICK DOWNER'S DISENCHANTMENT

[From London Truth.]

Dick Downer was inclined to make a fool of himself about his pretty cousin, Mrs. Mayblossom. Notwithstanding that she had beartlessly jilted him, his devotion to her seemed rather to increase than to dimin. ish. He could not, of course, ignore the fact that she had treated him most scandalously; but his mild resentment faded away to a vanishing point when it became appar ent that his cousin's marriage was likely to prove an unhappy one. Capt. Mayblossom seemed a good fellow enough in his way but however good a fellow a man may be. if he is absolutely devoid of income and expectations, he is not

a desirable helpmate. No doubt, when she cloped with him, Ada Mayblossom had counted upon being able to win back the indulgent affection of her adopted parent, Dick's father; but, great as her influence had been over the old man, she soon found that he was vindictively implacable. Not enly was this so, but old Job Downer was furious with his son for what he considered his want of spirit and proper pride in defending his cousin after her treatment of him. Old Downer was never tired of denouncing his niece in terms which poor Dick could not sit by and listen to without indignant remonstrance, whereby he not only irritated his father, but innocently helped to dissipate the remotest chance of effecting a helpmate. No

dissipate the remotest chance of effecting a reconciliation between the two. In spite of his father's protestation Dick was a frequent visitor at the trim little suburban villa in which his fair cousin and her pauper husband resided. Being a simple-minded individual, he might have gone there fifty times without ever suspecting that Black Care was perched astride the gable. The house was daintily and even expensively furnished; the living was excellent, for the Captain was particular about his food and had the reputation of being one of the best judges of claret in London; while the domestic affairs generally were well ordered and showed no signs of painful parsimony. Dick, however, was soon initiated by his cousin into the secret of impending trouble, and sympathetically shared with her the dismal apprehensions which it involved.

To most people—who, by the way had a pretty shrewd suspicion of the Captain's income—little Mrs. Mayblossom seemed entirely impervious to the worry of pecuniary embarrassments. She was always well dressed, cheerful, animated and fascinating. But to Dick, in their confidental tete-a-tetes, she confessed that her affected indifference was but a mask to conceal from the world the angulah which tortured her. She contrived to make Dick agutely sensible of the misery of a make to conceal from the world the angulah which tortured her. She contrived to make Dick agutely sensible of the misery of a make to conceal from the world the angulah which tortured her. She contrived to make to conceal from the world the angulah which tortured her. She contrived to make Dick agutely sensible of the misery of a miser of the day of the misery of a miser of the contribution of like that Capt. May be reddincidentally that the Captain disappeared from time to time rather mysteriously, and from the utility that the Captain disappeared from them to time rather mysteriously, and that his capted towards his devoted wife. She, poor woman, made no complaint on the subject, but the downcast look. The half-suppressed sigh, the ill-concealed uneasiness when she referred to her husband's absences told the cold, sad story of the was les was a frequent visitor at the trim little suburban villa in which his fair cousin and her pauper husband resided. Being a simple-minded individual, he might have gone there fifty times without ever suspecting that Black Care was perched astride the gable.

life of debt and false appearances, supplemented by worse than uncertainty regarding the future.

Pretty Mrs. Mayblossom had enemies, of

Pretty Mrs. Mayblossom had enemies, of course, and these did not hesitate to insinuate that she deliberately worked upon her cousin's feelings for the sake of getting money out of him. It would have been nearer the truth, perhaps, had they suggested that Mrs. Mayblossom's motive was to touch indirectly, through Dick, the adamantine heart of her wealthy uncle. At the same time it must be owned that she did get money out of Dick, and took it with a very faint show of scruple.

out of Dick, and took it with a very faint show of scruple.

Dick would willingly have parted with the last farthing he possessed in the world to spare her a moment's uneasiness; but, unfortunately, the assistance he could render was of a merely temporary nature. Though nominally a partner in his father's business, his income was but that of a poorly paid clerk, and the old man, knowing his son's simple habits, and no doubt suspecting the destination of his pocket-money, turned a deaf ear to all suggestions of a "rise." For his own part, old Downer refused emphatically to contribute a single farthing to the support of his erring niece and her husband, and manifested so unforgiving a spirit that after a time Dick abandoned as absolutely hopeless the ungrateful task of appealing to him.

hopeless the ungraterul task of appearing thim.

Meanwhile, naturally, things went from bad to worse in the Mayblossom menage; creditors became clamorous, friends grew lukewarm and chary, and the procuring the commonest necessaries of life involved ingenious but humiliating subterfuges and manœuvres. To complicate matters there appeared on the lowering horizon of the future an ominous thundercloud which, when it burst, would, as Dick feared, completely submerge his poor cousin in her sea of troubles.

Dick had noticed of late that Capt. Mayblossom was very seldom at home. He gathblossom was very seldom at home.

Mayblossom was attired in a bewitching tea gown of some soft, creamy white material, decked with lace and bright-colored ribbons and fitting admirably to her graceful form. Her abundant tresses of auburn hair fell in wild disorder about her fair neck and shoul-ders; her blue eyes, moist with tears, loomed large and bright, like stars through an even-

ders; her blue eyes, moist with tears, loomed large and bright, like stars through an evening mist, and her whole attitude betokened the most pathetic grief and despair. Dick was seized with an access of furious indignation at this moving example of Capt. Mayblosson's infamy, and he rose abruptly from his seat with a flerce exclamation.

"What is the matter, Dick?" exclaimed his cousin, looking up quickly.

"The matter! That—that scoundrel!" gasped Dick, almost beside himself.

"Hush, Dick! after all he is—he is my husband," sighed Mrs. Mayblossom gently.

"Yes, but—well, I will see him, at all events," said Dick, endeavoring to control himself. "He cannot realize the wrong he has done. Besides, he cannot mean"—

"No, Dick," interposed his cousin, speaking in a low tone, but with clearness and decision. "Do not go to him. I forbid it. After this," she added, holding up the cruel letter her husband had written to her, "he is dead to me. The creature he prefers to me dead to me. The creature he prefers to me— but there, Dick, let us not speak of him! Only promise, upon your word of honor, in case you should ever meet him, not to lay a finger upon him—for my sake!"

finger upon him—for my sake!"

He deserves to be shot," growled Dick, between his clinched teeth.

"The greatest kindess you can do to me and to my child is to avoid anything that may lead to scandal. Will you promise, Dick, not to seek my husband? said Mrs. Mayblossom, appealingly.

appealingly.
Of course, if you insist," said Dick, unable, as usual, to resist her pleading glance.
But—but what is to be done? able, as usual, to resist her pleading glance. But—but what is to be done?

"For me and my darling little one you mean? Oh! If it were only I alone—if it were only I alone." exclaimed Mrs. Mayblossom, with a gesture of despair.

"There is the child, as you say," said Dick, gravely, rendered uneasy by his cousin's ominous exclamation. "For her sake, not to mention your own, we must think about the future. In the first place, do you intend to apply for a divorce?"

"For my child's sake, no!" said Mrs. Mayblossom, quietly but emphatically. "I have fully decided that, Dick."

Somehow this decksion grated upon Dick's nerves, but he was too honestly concerned about his cousin at the moment to spare a thought about himself.

"How do you propose to live?" he next saked.

asked.
"What will dear uncle say when he hears?" demanded little Mrs. Mayblossom, abruptly.
She looked at Dick so eagerly as she asked the question that it went to his heart to crush the dawning hope which her glance ex-pressed. But knowing his father as well as he did, Dick felt constrained to answer

bluntly that even her present distress would not purchase the old man's forgiveness.

"Poor little me! I feared it would be so," murmured the unlucky girl, applying her handkerchief to her eyes. "However," she added briskly, "I must not give way, but remember my child. I have made up my mind what to do, Dick. Five years ago, when poor papa died, I left some friends behind me in Australia when I came over to live with Uncle Job. Some of these will, perhaps, put me in the way of earning my own living, if I return among them."

"What! leave England, Ada:" cried Dick, with a thrill of dismay.

"Yes, Dick; it will be better for many reasons," said Mrs. Mayblossom, glancing for a moment at Dick's pained expression and then fixing her gaze abstractedly upon the point of her dainty little red moroccoshoe, which peeped from beneath her dress. "Besides," she added, after rather an awkward pause, "I have no particular reason to feel attached the old country."

"Besides," she added, after rather an awk-ward pause, "I have no particular reason to feel attached the old country."

"You will leave no one behind you, Ada, who"—began Dick, with flaming cheeks.

"You are always good, and kind, and noble, and generous." interposed Mrs. Mayblossom hastily; "and I never, no, never! shall forget all your goodness. But my mind is made up. Dick—quite made up: and the only question is, how I am to get the money to carry out my plans."

"Money," murmured Dick, somewhat sobered by the introduction of this prosaic topic.

bered by the introduction of this prosaic topic.

"Of course, I cannot go without money, There will be the passage to pay and an outfit for me and pet; and, of course, I should be unhappy if I went without paying my personal debts, and I should require to have something in my purse when I land over there, shouldn't I, Dick,'" said the practical little lady with great animation.

"I suppose so," said Dick, rather faintly. "I have no doubt I could raise what you would require."

"I suppose so," said Dick, rather faintly.
"I have no doubt I could raise what you would require."

"My dear, noble Dick," exclaimed Mrs. Mayblossom feelingly. "Rut you couldn't—you couldn't, indeed! You have no idea what a sum would be needed."

And immediately little Mrs. Mayblossom began to check off upon her slender fingers a number of items which soon reached a very substantial total. Dick was considerably staggered at the amount, and ruefully confessed that it was far beyond his modest means. The conversation thereupon took an extremely prosaic and practical turn, which renders unnecessary a detailed report of it. Dick, who could never withstand his fair cousin's humors, was easily led to abandon the sentimental aspect of the situation and to discuss with her, soberly enough, the important question of ways and means. The result of the interview was that, having pledged himself to obtain the requisite funds to equip his cousin and her child for the contemplated voyage, Dick found himself forced to the unpleasant necessity of demanding a check from his father.

The old man was furious when he learned

the object of his son's request, and there ensued a scene which, but for Dick's filial forbearance, might have ended in complete estrangement. But on the following morning, to his son's surprise, old Downer showed signs of relenting, and at length he said, rather sulkily:

"You and I mustn't quarrel any more about that woman, Dick. She isn't worth it. I've written to Greggs, my lawyer, and told him to ship her off to Australia at my expense."

pense,"
"My dear father!" cried Dick, immensely relieved and gratified.

"You ought to feel grateful, Dick, for I'm "You ought to feel grateful, Dick, for I'm doing it entirely upon your account, and not out of sympathy for her," growled the old man. "She deserves her fate for her heartless conduct to you and me. Deserted by her husband, she would be more dangerous than ever over here, and I would much sooner she were on the other side of the globe".

globe."

Dick hastened off to inform his cousin of the success of his mission; and, though little Mrs. Mayblossom evidently did not relish the interference of a lawyer in the business, she, nevertheless, thanked Dick very warmly and cordially for the service he had rendered. Dick would fain have taken an active part in assisting his cousin to make the neces-sary arrangements for her departure, but, to his great chagrin, Mrs. Mayblossom said

with firmness:

"No. Dick; it must not be. In the miserable position of a deserted wife I cannot be too circumspect in my conduct. Besides, as my dear, good uncle is going to pay all this money for me, I must not offend him by oc-

"No, Dick; it will not," said the little lady, fixing her blue eyes upon him for an instant with a strange look of determination. Then she added lightly: "You shall come and see me off, Dick. I want you to come. But until then it must be an revort."

She made him a little courtesy, and then, with a sudden impulse, seized his hand and kissed it. Before poor Dick could realize what he was about, he had fallen on his knees at her feet, giving passionate utterance to his feasitie advantum. His sough howeds on the said ratio. The said the first said service is at her feet, giving passionate utterance to his feasitie advantum. His sough howeds on the said ratio. what he was about, he had fallen on his knees at her feet, giving passionate utterance to his frantic adoration. His cousin looked considerably startled for a moment, and then, releasing herself gently but with firmness from his grasp, quietly insisted upon his promising not to see her again until the day of her departure. Dick, feeling considerably abashed by Mrs. Mayblossom's dignified demeanor, gave the required undertaking, guiltly conscious that the episode precluded him from questioning the decree of banishment. Dick kept his word, as in honor bound, but the fact of having avowed to his cousin the

passion which consumed him caused him to formulate hopes which, up to that time, he had not seriously conceived. Now that Ada Mayblossom's husband had deserted her, might he not legitimately aspire to possess her? On the other side of the globe, in a new country, might she not be disposed to requite his life-long devotion? He would follow her to Australia, to the uttermost ends of the earth or receiving a word a look of the earth, on receiving a word, a look, the slightest sign of encouragement! These wild thoughts and ideas naturally caused Dick to anticipate with feverish impatience and anxiety their next meeting, with which he doggedly declined to associate in his mind the sad word "Farewell."

When the momentous day arrived Dick found his cousin awaiting him at the head of

the gangway on board the good ship Bal-laarat. She was as pale as himself, but in-finitely less agitated, and, after a few words finitely less agriated, and, after a few words of greeting, she conducted him to her cabin, where they could converse undisturbed.

"I have a confession to make to you, Dick," she said, facing him with composure. have already made mine, Ada, Dick, unsteadily.
"Listen to what I have to say first, Dick," said his cousin, before he could proceed.
"You believe that I am about to proceed to Australia—alone."

As she spoke, Mrs. Mayblossom, half involuntarily, perhaps, laid her hand lightly upon a pile of luggage which encumbered the bunk beside which she was standing, and

ick recognized, with a start, a man's bat Is this your cabin?" he inquired, turning

my dear, good une.

money for me, I must not oftend him by a cupying his son's time."

"But, Ada! Will you not think of me a little "cried Dick, quite plaintively.

"I am thinking of your good, Dick," said Mrs. Mayblossom, more seriously than she was went to speak. "You must try and forget me, Dick."

"Forget you, Ada! I never can, never.

My heart will go with you over the sea," cried poor Dick.

"Yes, it is mine.

"And those things?" he interrogance, quite sternly, with a glance at the compromising items.

"I told you I was not going alone, Dick," said his coasm, blushing somewhat; "these things belong to my husband."

"To Mayblossom!" cried Dick. "Is he going with you?"

"Yes. He is in the saloon outside. Do wish to see him?" inquired his cousin, a little sharply.

me," cried Dick, reddening.

"He wrote it by my dictation. It was my own composition," said Mrs. Mayblossom, in

a hard voice.

"Then your—your grief, your distress, your agitation"—— murmured Dick.

"Were all assumed," said Mrs. Mayblossem, mercilessly. "My husband heard every word through the folding-doors."

"It was a trick, then—a plot!" exclaimed poor Dick, bitterly wounded.

"Yes, Dick, it was. I was desperate, and

TONY PASTOR'S THEATRE. TONY PASTOR'S SPLENDID SHOW. the only means I could devise of raising the

the only means I could devise of raising the necessary money to enable us to emigrate to Australia was by pretending to be in a position which excited your keenest sympathy. Thanks to you—for I am still grateful Dick—the money was forthcoming," said his cousin unflinchingly.

"I scorn your gratitude, Ada," cried poor Dick with sudden fury. "I sthis your return for all my devotion?" he added in a trembling voice. "I would have died for you, Ada, and now you are not ashamed to confess that you have made me a contemptible dupe."

"I wanted to convince you, Dick, that I am heartless and cruel—when I do not love," said his cousin, speaking in measured accents, said his cousin, speaking in measured accents, but as pale as a ghost. "In justice to my hus-band and to myself, and for the sake of your own future happiness, I have made this con-fession to you."

own future happiness, I have made this confession to you."

"You might have spared me, Ada," was all Dick could say, as he opened the cabin door with a trembling hand.

"I should have liked to, Dick, for it has been an unpleasant task. But I had others to consider besides myself, and, after all, I have been paid for what I have done."

"Paid for it?" gasped Dick.

"Yes, and well paid. See here!" And, with a little hysterical laugh, Mrs. Mayblossom drew a slip of paper from the bosom of her dress and held it before Dick's eyes, It was a check, signed by his father, for £500.

The same evening Dick Downer sought an interview with his father in his study, and said, almost fercely:

"Father, are you aware that Mayblossom never deserted his wife at all, and that the whole affair was a miserable conspiracy to get money?"

get money?"
"You don't say so!" cried the old man, opening his eyes in genuine astonishment.
"That appears to be the case," replied Dick, rather taken aback by his father's evi-Dick, rather taken aback by his father's evt. dent bona fides, "but what about that checit for £500 which bore your signature?"

"She haggled a good deal, Dick, with my lawyer about the money she required," said the old man, looking at his son curiously; "and, failing to get as much as she wanted, she came to me and offered for £500, to—to convince you of the folly of your infatuation."

tion."
She has done so, father, very effectually," said Dick. "Then I don't grudge the money," re-turned the old man, as his shrewd eyes twinkled.

LOOK TO-MORROW EVENING FOR

CHRISTMAS EVE IN A PALACE CAR.

ALBION W. TOURGEE.